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Naval Historical Center
Oral Interview Summary Form

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Interviewer's Organization:

Navy Historical Center

Interviewee:

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Interviewee Information: Born in Youngstown, Ohio. Father was a lawyer. Oldest of 6 children. Enlisted in the Navy in 1974. Was accepted to the Naval Academy in 1975. Has a graduate degree in Spacecraft Systems Engineering. Was Special Assistant to the VCNO on September 11, 2001.

Topics Discussed:

TAPE ONE – Side One.

Q. Tell us a little bit about the makeup of your office.

A. The office consists of the Vice-CNO, Admiral Fallon; his EA, who at the time was Captain Crowder; the deputy EA, CDR Dave Radi. He has two aids, Ken Inglesby, and Mike Saunders. He has a secretary, Dee Karnhan. He has a writer, who is a Chief Yeoman, and me. I was essentially the office gentleman. The rest of the folks were admin staff and I was the EA for issues. He would turn to me for close-hold issues or for personal correspondence, or congressional testimony, that sort of thing. I worked out of an office that was attached to his anti-room office. When you went into his office, you went into a greeting-room reception area, and on one side of the reception area was his personal office and on the other side was my office. So, I was attached to his front office.

Q. Where was the office located?

A. We were temporarily located in 4D620, which had been the N8 front office, but because of the renovation, we had to bump N8 out of his office. We moved in there because of the renovation and were in that room on the date of the attack.

Q. Back to your family, was anyone in your family military?

A. My dad was enlisted in the Army during the Korean War, but he never left Japan. He was an adjutant's aid essentially, a company clerk. Even though he had a college degree, he got drafted, and he didn't want to become an officer because it required him to stay in the Army longer than he had to. He was a Private First Class for his entire tour in the Army. I have an uncle who was a Korean War combat veteran. Perhaps this was part of my influence. When I was growing up, he would say, if you ever join the service, join the Navy because at least every night, you can sleep between clean sheets. I'm not sure what impact that had on me, but I remember him talking about sleeping in the cold mud a lot, which didn't appeal to me.

Q. During your Academy years, what helped you make the decision to go submarines?

A. I think that the first time that I had a conscience recollection of submarines was in the Sixties. An ancestor of mine in Italy, by the name of Enrico Toti, was a WWI war hero who won their equivalent of the Medal of Honor. He was in the bicycle infantry called the Bacillairi. Italy named a class of submarines after him—the Enrico Toti class, they are small diesel boats. They are all decommissioned now. I think that is the first recollection I have of submarines. I did read "Run Silent, Run Deep", when I was in 6th Grade. I remember clearly sitting on the hill outside my elementary school reading that book. I think that had a big impression on me. I didn't really think of becoming a submariner until I was enlisting in the

Navy. The recruiter sold me on the nuclear power program. I actually signed up for six years to be a nuke, which is a huge risk when you think that all I really wanted to do was get into the Academy. I was betting six years that I would get in. The whole time I was at the Academy, since I knew that I couldn't be a pilot, I was pretty certain that I was going to be a submariner. I had already put my heart there from when I was enlisted.

Q. For the Historical Record, since the Class of '79 did not have the rigorous Plebe year that the Class of '80 had, tell me about the highlights at the Academy.

A. I was a physics major and I gleaned a lot from that. I tried to be a dual major in English and Physics, because I'm a writer, but I couldn't squeeze in the foreign language requirement. So, I ended up with only the Physics major. I had the highest grade-point average per study hour in our company since I was known for not studying too much, but getting good grades anyway. From the mission standpoint, I think the highlight from my youngster year was when we came extremely close to stealing the Army mules. We were the only class, I think, in 20 years to get as far as we did. We actually penetrated the compound and cut a hole in the fence. We drove a step van in there, but we couldn't for the life of us get these mules to go into the van. These stubborn mules! One of my company mates, who is now the Reserve commander of the Command Center on Navy staff, he's an American Airline pilot in his real life, was a rancher as a child, and he brought some horse tranquilizer. We were going to try and tranquilize the mules to get them in there, but the police showed up. We ended up having to run away and the mules ran free. They clearly knew that we had broken into the compound. We escaped, we didn't get caught, but we did get put on report when we got back. We had to turn ourselves in because the Superintendent of West Point called the Superintendent of the Naval Academy and complained. But it was a great time. After watching those brave Cadets steal the unguarded goat off a farm in Eastern Maryland, year

after year after year, this was actually a real challenge. We were proud to have gotten as far as we did.

Q. Let's move up to the 11th of September 2001. Please describe the work environment leading up to that day, and then take me through that day as you remember it.

A. Every day, the Vice Chief's office is different. He's obviously at the end of a long tether. It spun by the CNO, or the Secretary, or his JROC duties, the Joint Staff (he's the vice-chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff). So there is a lot of dynamic nature to this schedule. It changes a lot. He's not the crafter of his own schedule by any means. So it's a real dynamic place to work in. At the moment of the attack, he was not in his office. He was with the CNO in the CNO's office down the hall. We were in the office—one of the things that happen in the office is that we keep the TV on all the time. It's our first indication when major events are happening in the world. The TV was in his outer office, not his inner office. It was on. I was sitting at my desk. Up to that point the morning had been very routine, very normal.

Q. Take me back to the commute coming in.

A. The irony of the day—the working hours suck—I always drive because I have to come in early and I don't get home until late. This day was different. I had to get the air conditioner repaired on one of my cars so I left my car home with my wife and I slugged in that morning, which was very rare.

Q. Tell us what you mean by slug—for people who hear this 30 years from now.

A. A "slug" is a peculiarity to DC living. I don't of any other place in the world that does it. To meet the carpool requirements, you need three people in the car. That allows you to get on

the HOV [high occupancy vehicle] lanes. From my house I can be into work in 15 minutes if I can get on the HOV lanes, where it would take me 40 minutes if I were in the regular lanes. The quandary is, if you don't have a carpool, how do you get riders to ride in your car? Well, there are these pick-up points where you can pick up people who want to get to the Pentagon. They want a free ride, and you want riders to make the HOV requirements. These are called "slug lines." There's one about a half a mile from my house. Generally, every morning I pick up two strangers and give them a ride. People in LA [Los Angeles] wonder how the heck can you bring strangers to work with you every day. But it works. It's a wonderful system. No government involvement, and no taxation. Probably, if the government got involved, they'd start taxing us for it. So, we are really happy with our slug system, and it works. It became a complication for me on this day. The irony is that I slugged in that morning so I didn't have a car at the Pentagon when all this happened. You might think that was good, but when I tell you how I got home, you'll understand that it wasn't so good.

So, I was in that morning at a normal time, doing routine work. I think I was working on a project for the Vice Chief that he calls his "Outreach Program" where we are trying to link the Navy up with community, civic, and industrial leaders, in a way that makes more sense rather than the random fashion that seems to happen now-a-days. I think was putting together a list of outreach leaders that the Vice Chief should meet with when I heard Chief LaFlure, who is the Vice Chief's writer, yell from outer office, "holy shit, look at that!" Keep in mind, we keep the TV on all the time, but the volume is generally turned down for obvious reasons. I guess he had looked up and seen on TV the burning first tower of the World Trade Center. That expression obviously got my attention so I stood up and walked to the outer office. Captain Crowder was there, as was Commander Radi and Dee, the Vice

Chief's secretary, and Chief LaFlure. I walked over to the TV and turned up the volume to see what was going on. It was CNN. I'll remember to the day I die, this inane CNN reporter first saying that a small plane had run into to the World Trade Center. They were theorizing that it was probably because a navigational beacon had malfunctioned. Now, I'm a submariner, but I'm also a private pilot, and I know there is no way in hell that any pilot is going to run into the World Trade Center on a clear day like that—navigational beacon or not. It was clear to me, as I think it was to everyone else in the room, that this was not an accident—somebody had collided with the World Trade Center on purpose. We knew from the first moments that it was an act of terrorism. We began talking about that immediately. I can't remember the timeline exactly of the attacks, but it was about 0835 or so. At some point we started talking, and we knew without a doubt that this was a terrorist attack. The question was, is this it, or is there more to it?

Q. This was just after the first plane hit?

A. Right. All we know at this point is that we were watching the first tower burning. We were discussing among us—is there going to more or is just the beginning? We started talking about options. If they are hitting New York, the only other place that makes sense to hit, New York is the capitol of our economy, Washington is the capitol of our government, okay, they're going to hit Washington if this is an organized attack. I remember Chief LaFlure saying something like, "Then they're going to go after the White House." I said, "No, there's only one building in DC that shares the characteristics of the World Trade Center. The World Trade Center had three things in common—it's symbolic, it houses a lot of people, and it's easy to hit from the air." Those are the three things it has in common. If you go through the list of buildings in DC—remember, we are doing this before the second tower is hit—we're saying symbolic: White House, Capitol Building, the Pentagon. Houses a lot of

people: the Pentagon. Easy to hit by air: Pentagon and the Capitol too. The only building that makes sense is the Pentagon.

Q. And you're talking this before the second tower was hit?

A. Yes, we are talking about this before the second tower was hit. At this point, if they hit any place, they are going to hit this building.

9/11 Personal Privacy

There is the sequence of events. We are talking about the fact that the Pentagon is a likely target. Then the second tower got hit, and we watched that live. At that point, I stood up, walked to my desk and called my wife. She was not at home, she was at the gym. I left a message and said, "when you get home, get the kids, stay home, don't go out, leave the phone lines open." This was going to cause a lot of confusion later. She didn't get home until after the Pentagon was hit. At first she thought I had left the message after the Pentagon had been hit. It wasn't until my mother called her and she said, "he's all right, he left a message," and my mother said, "What time did he leave the message?" My wife said he left the message at 0930. My mother pointed out to my wife that the Pentagon was not hit until 0940. It had been hours since the Pentagon had been hit and they hadn't heard from me so they really started panicking. So the fact that I left a message at first gave her calm, but later caused a great deal of concern when she realized that I had actually left the message before the Pentagon was hit.

Q. Did she have any knowledge, being at the gym, that something had happened?

A. Yes. They had a TV on there and she was talking to some people saying that the World Trade Center was hit. They talked about whether they could hit DC next. Some lady said no, that there were planes all the way around DC and that they would shoot anybody down that

tried to get close. My wife said, "That's not true." She knew enough about the military to know that we don't keep combat air patrols up all the time. She left the gym early because of that discussion and came home. While she was driving home, the Pentagon got hit. Another side story is that when the Pentagon got hit, my daughter,

So here we are. I had called my wife. At this point we're not hearing anything from the Command Center. To the people in the office, I say I'm going to go down and find out what's going on. CAPT Doug Crowder, the EA, said, "Wait, give them another minute, if they don't call by then you can go down. As it turns out, he probably saved my life. Because, as you know, just about everyone in the Command Center was killed.

Q. This was before the Pentagon was hit?

A. Yes. This was before the Pentagon hit, but after the World Trade Center was hit. So I was headed out the door, when he said wait. I turned around and came back in the office. That probably saved my life. Just then, he gets a call from the Command Center. The way the dynamics work, when the EA gets a call, the deputy-EA listens in too. So, if the Vice Chief gets a call, both the EA and the deputy EA listen in on the conversation taking notes for the Vice Chief. So, the phone rings, the EA picks up and the deputy EA picks up, and it's the Command Center. I know that I don't have to go because they are reporting. I was not listening in, but the gist of the conversation was there's another airplane that's been hijacked that's heading towards Washington. The Command Center knows this and reports it to the Vice Chief's EA. Crowder says, "Okay, got it." Dave Radi, who would not be a very good

poker player, shows fear in his face and says something like, "Holy shit. Captain Toti, it's coming true." Crowder runs out to go do to tell the Vice Chief, who is in the CNO's office about this call. As he's running out, he yells back to Radi, "That's close hold. Don't tell anybody what you just heard." Remember that Crowder and Radi are the only two people who heard.

Q. Radi is the deputy EA?

A. Right. The Deputy EA. In retrospect, I wonder what the hell was close hold about that fact that there was a hijacked airplane coming in towards the Pentagon. If anything, it would have been nice to alert people of that. I have not asked Captain Crowder why he said that. That stuck out in mind at the time as kind of a peculiar thing to say. I knew from Radi's expression what had just been said, from when Radi had said to me, "it's coming true." I knew exactly what was happening. Not 30 seconds after Crowder hangs up and runs out the door, saying "that's close hold," we hear the airplane, the jet engines, and feel impact. The building shook like an earthquake. We heard the explosion. The peculiar thing about hearing the explosion, from my point of view, is we heard it more down the corridors, echoing, resonating, and reverberating down the corridors, than we did from outside the windows. We are right around the corner from the point of impact. We are probably 100 yards off the point of impact. So we are not directly facing the point of impact, but I do recall the noise coming down the corridor rather than from the outside windows, even though we heard the jet noise from outside the windows.

Q. And you knew at that time what it was?

A. Absolutely. No doubt in my mind. We knew exactly what it was. I think we were a rarity. I think most people had no idea what had happened. But for us, this was unfolding as if we

were writing a script. It was really bizarre. To this day, I'm shocked that we had got it so right so early. This continues on through out this whole event. I'm out there saying, "am I dreaming?" I'm saying, "Is this really happening? Am I dreaming? How could we have predicted it like that? How could we have known it was coming? How could this be happening exactly like we had visualized just moments before?" But it did. The first thing that happened, the second the impact occurs, the Vice Chief's loop (his aid), LCDR Ken Inglesby, runs out of the Vice Chief's office, and I ran out behind him. I had taken EMT training about 10 years ago. I didn't know what the hell I could do but we ran down. We were on the 4th Deck, E Ring. We ran down the 4th Deck E Ring towards the point of impact. Also, LT Kelly Ennis, who's the Vice Chief's Admin Officer, who's across the hall, runs out of his office. He is in between Inglesby and me. Inglesby is up front, Ennis is in the middle, and I'm behind. I'm the oldest and the slowest of the three of us. We ran down the E Ring, through what appeared to be brownish, grayish, haze that's in the corridors. It's kind of choking me as I'm running. I'm thinking, what is this stuff? What are we running through? It is all the way down the passageway. As I'm running, I'm thinking—I was in a submarine once when we had a lube oil rupture where lube oil is atomized and it sprays out. I'm thinking, this look a lot like a lube oil rupture, atomized oil. Humm,... atomized jet-fuel maybe? That's an explosive mixture. This thing could explode. We're going to be dead. I remember thinking that clearly. But then, I saw flames down at the other end of the passageway and daylight. That shocked the hell out of me. Ya know, daylight. What the hell is daylight doing there? You couldn't see clearly. It was all fuzzy and hazy because of this stuff.

So we are running through this haze and I'm trying to think, well, I see flames down there and if this was an explosive fuel-air mixture, it would have exploded by now and we would

be dead so we're probably okay. In the meantime, we're running towards the attack, and pretty much everyone else is running away from the point of impact. We got down to where we couldn't run any further because I could feel the deck sloping down, so I knew the stability of the structure was at risk. Those coming the other way were saying, "everybody's out, everybody's out. Go, go, go!" I looked in one room, which was a Marine Corps aviation office. One of the points here is, I had run all the way through what we call Wedge 2 in the renovation plan, which is the area that had just been moved out of as people moved into Wedge 1, which is the newly renovated area of the Pentagon. I had run into Wedge 1, the newly renovated area. So I knew that the plane hadn't hit the area that was abandoned, that was about to be demolished and renovated. So, all of the abandoned areas were missed and the area that the plane hit was an area that was fully populated by people who has moved into those new offices that had just been renovated. This became an issue several hours later.

Later in the day, like, late afternoon, I'm down on the field, outside, doing part of the recovery effort. The Secretary of Defense walks up with a group of reporters—he walks right up in front of me with his senior military assistant, which is Admiral Giambastiani, who I used to work for. I hear the Secretary of Defense say to these reporters, "this could have been much worse because the plane impacted in an area that was just vacated so that we could renovate it. So the plane hit an area where no people were." I wanted in the worst way to say, Mr. Secretary, you're wrong. I ran all the way through that recently vacated area and ran into the newly renovated area that was populated before I got to the hole in the building. So this hit at the worst point, not the best point. But I didn't interrupt him and make a fool out of the Secretary of Defense in front of the national media. I guess that's good. But the old story that the first report from the front lines is always wrong was true here as well. He

had a wrong report. He had someone standing right behind him who knew the truth but nobody asked. So, there you go.

When we got up to where the building had collapsed, it hadn't really collapsed yet, I want to be careful about how I say this because it really kind of collapsed a little later, there was a hole in the building. I got the clear indication that these areas were already evacuated. There were no injured. The decks had fallen so there was nobody to—so anybody who was on a deck that hadn't collapsed was okay. They got out. But if anybody was on a deck that had collapsed, we couldn't get at because they were now four floors down. The clear message we got was that there was nothing to do here. We turned around and ran back the way we came. I joked with Inglesby that he beat me to the scene but he also beat me back. He's faster. One of the things I notice when I got back into the un-renovated parts of the Pentagon, the older parts, although people were running away, there were no alarms going off, there were no fire alarms, there was no evacuation alarm. So I stopped at the top of the 5th Corridor stairwell, at the E Ring, and pulled the fire alarm. That's the first time I heard the fire alarm going off. This was maybe a minute into the event. As far as I know, since I've been part of the Pentagon restoration since that day, I've been able to check with the building maintenance folks, and they said that was the first alarm that was pulled. I was kind of surprised that no one had done that earlier. Peculiar to the Pentagon, when you pull a fire alarm, it only sounds the alarm in that wedge of the building. It doesn't sound it for the full Pentagon. So the only people who would hear it are those on that side of the building. In fact, there were other people in other parts of the building who never heard an evacuation alarm because people didn't pull the alarm in that part of the building. That's one of the design issues they are addressing in this next renovation.

Another aside, we found out weeks later that the grayish brownish haze that we were running through was a cloud of asbestos dust that had been shaken loose from the ceiling. So, it was not good to be running thought that, but we didn't know it at the time.

Q. How did you find that out?

A. I'm part of the restoration crew and we have the environmental health people doing surveys all over the Pentagon afterwards. We've had them since the day after the attack. They determined that all that dust that settled out on the deck is asbestos. And in fact they sealed that whole area of the Pentagon. The next time I went in I had to wear a respirator and full white suit.

So I get back to the Vice Chief's office. Admiral Tracey, who is the director of Navy Staff, had an office right across the hall from the Vice Chief. She either came in or perhaps was already in the Vice Chief's office at this point. People are starting to evacuate the building by this time.

Q. How far are we into it now?

A. This is about a minute and a half. Boy, at this rate, this interview is going to take hours!

Tracey says that we have to get out of the building. We walked down to the 6th Corridor, E Ring intersection where the Vice Chief is just coming out of the CNO's office. The Vice Chief says to Admiral Tracey, "get everyone out of the building and take a muster of OPNAV staff." She [Admiral Tracey] says, "Come with me." So I go with her and her deputy EA, Mike Hajosy. The two of us go with Admiral Tracey. We go down two levels to the mall entrance and leave the Pentagon at the emergency exits at the Mall entrance. As soon as we get outside the building, I look over to the left where the crash has occurred. I see

everybody running toward the North Parking lot. I don't see a soul running towards the site of the crash. I said to Admiral Tracey, "Admiral, I've had EMT training 10 years ago. I don't know what I can do to help but I have to go over to see what I can do." I said, "You can do the muster without me." She said, "Go."

So, I left and ran outside the Pentagon around the Apex and onto the Heliport area. This part of it plays through my brain every day, twice a day. As bizarre as this is going to sound, it is exactly like the opening of the opening scenes of the movie Saving Private Ryan. I remember what I'm seeing but I don't hear a sound. I don't remember any noises. I see things, like snapshots. I'm looking over here and I remember seeing little pieces of airplane all over the place. Little sheets of aluminum, none no bigger than a page of paper. There is one piece that is larger, about three feet across that has a big red "A" from American Airlines. I remember that like it's a snapshot. I remember looking at the heliport pad itself with all kinds of ejecta from the impact site—pieces of concrete, or limestone from the side of the building, pieces of airplane, all over the place. I don't see any people. I'm thinking where the heck are all the people? I remember looking over as I see the tower of black smoke coming up from the building. I remember glancing above the utility building that's at the heliport, with its little control tower; I see smoke coming up, but no flames yet. I get across the heliport to the other side of the utility building and then I finally see some people. At that point I also see some flames. The fire is kind of small, not very big at all. That surprised me. The decks at collapsed on one side, on the left side, but not on the right side. They were still supported by the foundations on the right side. All four levels of the decks had collapsed, but only a couple of floors. They weren't all the way down to the ground on the left side. They fell the rest of the way about 20 minutes later. We heard that. It scared the shit out of us.

When I got up around the building, the first thing I remember seeing was a burned man. He was a black man in his 50's wearing a blue Pentagon maintenance uniform. I remember seeing a little Pentagon patch on his shoulder. The thing that sticks with me to this day is that he had 3rd degree burns everywhere you looked; even his corneas were burned white. I remember thinking; this man's going to be blind for the rest of his life. Actually, he died, but it's bizarre that I thought he was going to be blind the rest of his life. He was still conscious, he was still moving, but he wasn't saying anything. In EMT parlance, he would be responsive, not alert. He had his hands up by his mouth and he was curled in a fetal position. His mouth was moving as if he wanted to say something but he couldn't talk. There was an Army officer kneeling him who looked and saw me and said, "let's get him out of here." One of the things I haven't seen reported in any of the papers was that periodically, for about the next hour, there were secondary explosions going off in the hole in the Pentagon. About an hour later I was standing with some FBI guys and we were musing at to what the source of the explosions was and we concluded that they were the oxygen canisters from the airplane. You know, the things the produce oxygen for the passengers in an emergency. That's best thing we could think of.

Anyway, there were these secondary explosions, pop...pop, pop, ...pop, pop, pop, ...pop. At this point, we are about 30 yards from the impact site. Not knowing what these secondary explosions are, you know, did they have bombs on board--

Q. Loud Explosions?

A. Yes, loud. Scary, absolutely scary—the make-you-jump kind of explosions. The Army officer says let's get this guy out of here. I said, right. There're a couple of other guys that

have responded at this point. I'm the only guy at this point wearing Khakis. Everybody else I see are Army guys in their Bravo green uniforms. I help this guy, then a third guy comes over. We carried this man, I can't remember if it was three or four of us, we carried this man up to the side of Route 27 and laid him down under this tree that's still there. We picked that spot because the first ambulance had just arrived and pulled up to the side of the road there at Route 27. We laid him down there near the ambulance, on the Pentagon side of the guardrail, on the grass. The ambulance crew came out and started tending to him.

One thing that I forgot to mention, when I got to the heliport, there's a fire truck that's stationed there normally for when helicopters land there. The fire truck was on fire. I looked in the cab of the fire truck and there is this fireman sitting in the cab of this fire truck. I'm thinking is he dead? No, he's moving. He's making a radio call. I thought what a stupid thing to do. But the radio worked and that's how he was able to call in for help. It turns out that that radio worked. I talked to him later, and he said that he was shocked that it still worked.

Q. The fire engine is on fire?

A. Yeah. The fire engine is on fire and there is this fireman sitting in the cab making a radio call for help. The other bizarre thing is that on the wall inside the heliport utility building was an old-fashioned black wall phone. There was another guy, and of course, this place is completely devastated, it's all torn apart, another guy is on the phone in the utility building—and that phone still worked even though we weren't 30 yards from the impact site. So, the landlines still worked, and the radio in the fire truck still worked, but of course, about 20 minutes later I tried to use my cell phone. Cell phones didn't work for hours; four hours I think before I could get a cell phone call out.

On the topic of communications, about an hour later, I tired using my Blackberry, and it worked. So Blackberry's worked, but cell phones didn't.

Okay, so back to where I was. We laid this guy down on the grass by the ambulance. I looked back down the field toward the building and I see for the first time that there is an emergency exit—I didn't notice it before—but the doors are open and black smoke is pouring out the doors. As I'm looking, I see a group of walking wounded stumble out this emergency exit. I ran back down the hill to see if I could help. As I'm running down, I notice what looked like somebody was still moving around. I thought I still saw motion. I saw the smoke moving around in an unnatural way, like someone was waving from low inside the building. It didn't look natural. Since the people had just come out, I ran passed them, they were all walking and seemed be fine. I ran passed them and into the building at the emergency exit to see if there was something else in there, to see what was causing the smoke to move like that. Well, I couldn't see a thing. I couldn't breath.

TAPE ONE – Side Two.

I ran in the building and I tripped over something. It was a person, a lady. I kneeled down. I'm choking. I can't breathe. I didn't take the right kind of breath before I went into the building and I'm thinking I'm stupid. I tried to lift her, I didn't realize it was a her, but I tried to lift this person and I can't. She's too heavy. I tried to drag her and I feel her skin coming off in my hands. I said this is not going to work. So, I ran back outside and I yelled, "I need help, I need help! There's someone in here!" Two Army guys followed me in. When I stopped, one of them ran into me and almost knocked me over. I yell, "She's here." The

three of us grabbed her. I grabbed her around her shoulders as best I could and somebody grabbed her legs and one guy kind of got her middle and we dragged her out of the building. We only got her maybe five feet out of the building and put her down because we all needed to breathe.

I remember exhaling and seeing black smoke coming out of my mouth. I yelled for help to get her away from the door. Some more people showed up—there were about six of us who lift her up by hand. I noticed at this point that most of her clothes are burned off from the waist down. She's burned all over, her arms, every place, but not her eyes. I did notice that. The other guy, his corneas were burned, hers weren't. I thought, well, she's not burnt as bad, which was a silly thought because she was burned as bad, but her eyes weren't burned so it made her look better. We picked her up and brought her up the hill and laid her down beside the first guy. Right around this time, a second ambulance showed up. This is maybe 5-10 minutes, I've lost track of time, but not more than 10 minutes into the event. But just the second ambulance was arriving. I'm thinking where the hell is everybody? There are no fire trucks, except the burning one. This is very slow response, in my mind. So the crew from the second ambulance start treating her. I looked back down the hill. And I see that someone has just carried out another guy from the same exit. I ran back down—I'm not in very good shape, frankly, and I'm thinking I really ought to be in better shape, this is really stupid because I'm really out of breath at this point—I ran back down. This third guy is a white guy. The woman and the first guy were black. This was a white guy, also in his 50s. Where as the first two people were very docile, this guy was screaming bloody murder. "Put me down, ahhhh." Screaming in pain, "Ahhhh, put me down." The people who were carrying him out, they didn't want to hurt him so they put him down. This is about the time I arrived. I hear him screaming, I see them put him down, and then the explosions start again.

Boom,....boom,boom, boom. One of the guys who had him said “Screw this, let’s get him out of here.” So we grabbed him, screaming, and carried him up the hill. The whole way he’s kicking and yelling. I’m thinking, he can’t be hurt too bad if he’s got this much energy to fight us. I said, “Buddy, if you fight us, we’re going to drop you and then you’ll really scream.” So we laid him down by the other two. The rest of the walking wounded were all burns. I remember an Army guy, who had his lower right calf--the pants were burned off his calf, and he had 3rd degree burns there. But otherwise, he was okay. There was a young black lady, maybe in her 20s, who was terrified. She was screaming, terrified, panicking. You couldn’t get her to shut up. Her only injury was burns to the hands. They were 3rd degree burns, they were serious burns. But she’s screaming, “I’m going to die, I’m going to die, I’m going to die. Ahhhhhh!” She was kind of walking around fretting and I said, “Ma’m, you need to calm down, you’re not doing to die.” So she sat down, but she was still screaming. There was this other black lady who came over, and was saying, “It’s okay sister, you’re going to be fine. It’s okay sister.” I said, “Is she your sister?” That’s how stupid I was. I just wasn’t thinking. So I naïvely say, “Is she your sister?” and the lady says, “No, sir. It’s a figure of speech.” I said I was sorry but could she please calm the one lady down because we had really injured people here. I don’t remember where in the sequence of events this happened, but I feel really embarrassed about that.

Then I notice that woman I tripped over lying off to the side where we had put her. There was a guy there with a blue traffic vest on that said “Pentagon Physician” on the back. I thought, great! A doctor, a doctor has finally shown up. He had just run an I-V line in the black lady’s arm. I guess he got it from the ambulance. He was frustrated. He seemed frustrated. There was a young female Army Sergeant; she looked Hispanic, holding the I-V bag. She kept squatting down. She looked really stressed. I went over and said, “Sergeant,

you really need to stand up. Okay? Can you do this for me? If you can't, we've got to get somebody who can hold the bag up." She said yes, that she could do it and she stood up. As far as I could tell, she was fine for the rest of the day. The doctor was fumbling with the valve on the I-V bag. I asked what was the problem. He said he couldn't get a drip. I noticed that the valve was opened all the way. He said he thought he had missed the vein, because her arm was all burned. It is really hard to find a vein on an arm that was burned that bad so I didn't doubt it. Then I looked down at her arm and I notice that he still had the rubber tourniquet around her biceps. I said would it help if I removed this? I took the tourniquet off and the I-V started flowing, started dripping. He said, "Jesus, thanks. None of us are thinking clear today," or something like that. Then he moved off to tend to the next victim.

Well, she started getting a little frantic at this point and I kneeled to see what was wrong. I thought it was the I-V, that it might hurt. I asked if she was all right. She said, "I can't breathe." I thought, dugh, that's the first thing you're supposed to do on a burn patient is give them oxygen because the bronchial tubes start swelling because of the heat damage. You need pure oxygen: otherwise the blood oxygen level goes down. I yelled to one of the EMTs at the ambulance to see if he had any oxygen. He said yes. He went to the back of his rig. I was shocked that we have these three critical patients on the ground here and there's no oxygen yet. But what do I know. There's a doctor and two real EMTs here. So, he brings the oxygen over to me and I put the mask on her. He started the oxygen at whatever flow it was and said to make sure that it stays there. She started to breathe. I kneeled down and asked if that was better. She says to me, "Doctor, am I going to die?" I didn't know what to say. I didn't anticipate that question. I think she probably saw panic in my face at that moment. As I think about in it retrospect, the look on my face probably told her the answer.

The truth is, at that moment, I thought she would live. If were to ask me whether she would die or not, I thought she's going to live. I could see that her skin was coming off, but I didn't realize the seriousness of the burns. All the burns looked wet. It wasn't like charred skin, like I saw in my training textbooks. It was more like skin hanging off. I thought this is bad, but it's not the kind of bad that's going to cause her to die.

I had asked her name. She was kind of out of breath and it took her a couple of times to get the name. I started to feel guilty for asking because I thought she was just wasting her breath trying to tell me her name. It wasn't a simple name. It was Antoinette. I couldn't hear it the first time so I asked her to repeat it and she did. I said, "No, Antoinette, you're not going to die, not if I can help it." I had already heard that there was a medivac helicopter coming, because we had talked about who we were going to get on the ambulance first. I had said to the doctor that we needed to get the criticals out of here and he said no, that there was a helicopter coming. I said to Antoinette, "We have a helicopter coming for you. I'm going to stay with you until you're on it." She just nodded, but she looked relieved when I said that. Maybe she wanted to believe it, so she did. As I think you know, she ended up dying about six days later.

Q. How did you hear that?

A. Actually, the Vice Chief's secretary told me on the phone. The date after the attack, I came back to work. Basically, because I'm a free agent for the Vice Chief, I was put in charge of the Navy's recovery effort. That kept me working 15 hours days for the next 3 weeks, weekends included. I was a busy as shit. I was between meetings, walking from the Pentagon to a building called the "mock"; it's the PENREN, the Pentagon Renovation Headquarters. It's at the north end of North Parking lot. I'm walking and I called the Vice

Chief's office for something, I can't remember what now. Dee, the secretary, answered the phone. She knew that I was involved in the rescue effort and I had told her that the only person who's name I knew was Antoinette. I didn't know her last name. Dee wanted to hear the story—this was like the day after the attack. So I had told Dee the story like the day after the attack. So now it was about 10 days later maybe, when I called the Vice Chief's office. Dee said "Oh, Bill, I'm so sorry to have heard about Antoinette." I said what about Antoinette? Dee asked if I'd seen yesterday's paper. I explained that I'd been working 15-hour days and hadn't seen the paper. I asked what happened. Dee said she had died.

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It gets worse. I told her that I would stay with her, which I did. The first guy was failing fast. In fact, one of the people came over to me and said they needed the oxygen. I said, "we've got two ambulances here and we only have one bottle of oxygen?" He said "yeah, they're Ft. Myer ambulances. They're not fully configured." I said, "But she needs it." The guy, he was a real EMT, not a fake EMT like me (I guess I should say "unlicensed" EMT); he says that the other guy is going into respiratory distress. I yelled to the guy with "Pentagon Physician" on his back, "Hey, doc, we need some triage here." I remember from my triage classes that you don't waste assets on people who are going to die. That's a basic rule. You call them "expectants" because you expect them to die, and you don't want to waste assets that could keep people alive. I said, doc, we need some triage here. He wants to take her oxygen and give it to him. I think she has a chance. The doc says, "leave it with her." I feel victory for Antoinette. I told her not if I can help it, and I just won a victory and got the oxygen to stay with her.

The helicopter comes, but of course, it can't land at the heliport. So, it lands across Route 27, across from South Parking lot, up towards the Navy Annex. We got a backboard out of the ambulance and we roll Antoinette on to the backboard. We put her oxygen on her. Actually, we had somebody carrying it because it fell off. Now, Antoinette was a big woman. She must have weighted at least 250, and this is a really narrow backboard. We are having trouble keeping her on it to begin with, let alone putting an oxygen bottle on there too. So, we had one person carry the oxygen and another one carry the I-V. We roll her onto the backboard. This idiot Marine standing at the foot of the backboard yells, "One, two, three, lift." None of us had grabbed the backboard except for him. He didn't wait for us to have the board. So, he stands up and she spills off the backboard. So we have to do it all over again. We get her back on the board and I say, "I'm calling," because I'm standing by

her head and I can see everyone else. So we stand and carry her across the grass, and over the traffic barrier, and then across South Parking, then across Route 27 exit there, over a concrete lane divider, and up to the helicopter. It just about killed me. As I said, I was not in good shape. Man-o-man did I pay for it. We get her to the helicopter, and they put her inside. The helicopter's engines were shut down but there was still a lot of noise. I tried to yell to her, before I had let go of the board as they were lifting her into the helicopter. I said, "I'll come see you in the hospital." I don't know if she heard that, but she was looking at me. So I assume that she did.

Then I run back down the hill because I think there's still work to be done. I didn't look back. I don't even remember the helicopter taking off. I don't remember hearing its engines start. You're completely focused. It's like tunnel vision. So, I ran back down the hill. As I start back down the hill, the DPS starts yelling that another plane is coming in and to get away from the building. This happens two or three times in the next 20 minutes, I guess, where they make everybody evacuate. When the DPS yelled this, all they had left, since we got two of the three criticals on the helicopter, and they got the third critical on an ambulance, was the walking wounded. I forgot to mention that a third ambulance had pulled up and they were able to get oxygen on the other two criticals. They shoved—basically had all the remaining walking wounded get into the remaining two ambulances sitting down, not lying down, just to get them out of there and they just drove away.

So, by the time I got back, there were no injured left. My guess was there was about a total of 15 injured. I have to tell you, I have zero knowledge of what happened in the center courtyard. I understand that some of the injured evacuated out into the center courtyard at the Pentagon. All I know is that outside the building, the grand total of injuries (now I didn't

do a head count) was around 15. For a building that size, with a plane hit of that magnitude, I kept saying, there's got to be more injuries in there that we haven't found yet. There's got to be. There can't be just 15 injured. I didn't think that maybe some had gone into the center courtyard. I figured they would have all evacuated out. That was really bizarre to me. When I came around that side by Route 27, they wouldn't let us get any closer than that because of the threat of another plane coming in—

Q. 'They' being who?

A. The Defense Protective Service. There were three FBI agents that arrived about his time. They had FBI jackets on. There was a fourth guy with them who didn't have an FBI jacket but he was standing right with them like they were a team. So I walked up to them. The fourth guy, the one without the FBI jacket, starts asking me questions. "What happened? Where were you when it happened? What did you see? What did you hear? How many injuries? Where did you go? What did you do?" The three guys with the FBI jackets were listening to the questions and to me answer them. We were standing right there in a little group. Finally, one of the guys with the FBI jacket says to the guy, "Who are you?" I said "I thought he was with you?" He says, "He's not with us." So we're all looking at him and the guy says, "I'm a reporter." And the FBI says, "Sir, you're going to have to leave." So he was a reporter who fell in behind these FBI guys and started asking me questions. I assumed he was with them and answered his questions. He read my name off my nametag and asked if I was from Texas? I said no. He said he was from a paper in Texas and then they made him go away.

After all the false alarms, the DPS obviously understand nothing about ballistics. They wanted us to run across the street, there's a big concrete wall on the other side of Route 27.

They wanted us to run across the street, as far away from the Pentagon as possible and essentially line up, firing squad style, in front of this concrete wall. We said “no, no, no, no, no! You don’t understand concussion. Concussion will kill you!—It will reflect. You want to get behind something, not in front of it.” So we had an argument with the DPS. There was one of those concrete lane dividers, but it was about 50 feet closer to the Pentagon. We said you want to be behind the concrete lane divider, not across the street in front of this concrete wall. They basically were saying, “We’re DPS, you’ve got to listen to us.” And we said, “You can stand over there. I’m doing to stand over here. You can shoot. I’m not going over there. It’s stupid.” None of us really believed there was a plane coming. There’s a lesson learned. We have to teach DPS how to hide behind shit.

Q. How were they identified?

A. They had their Defense Protective Service uniforms on, with their guns and things like that.

We all know them as rent-a-cops. That was a ludicrous debate.

Two chaplains showed up about this time. A Navy LCDR, whose name, I think, is Poole, P-O-O-L-E, he’s a black guy. He was with me for most of the day from this point on. He had an Army Lt. Colonel with him, who’s name I didn’t get. I think they came down from the Annex. Also, around this time, there was a Captain, Medical Service Corps officer, and I think his name was Kenneth Sapp, S-A-P-P. I read that off his nametag. He was there earlier, even when we still had wounded on scene.

After the "All Clear" was sounded, we start regrouping, and start talking about what are we going to do. We have to go in and find out if there are more injured. The guy who had the Pentagon Physician vest said, “no, we need to set up a triage station. If there are injured, they’ll start coming out soon.” He asked me if I was an EMT? I said I had been to school,

but I had never worked as an EMT. He said, “You handled things over there okay. Can you handle the expectants?” Those are the people you expect to die. You don't expect to give them any medical treatment at all. So what he's saying to me is, am I okay with this assignment? I said I guess I don't have any choice. He said that way, he could use the clinically trained people for those who need care. You have three levels of service: Those who need care, and the 4th level is “expectant,” those who are not going to get any care because they are going to die. From that point on, that became my assignment, for the next hour or so. It turned out that we never got any expectants. We never got anybody.

In fact, one of my frustrations about this entire event is the slow response of EMS (Emergency Medical Service), in fact, the slow response of the Fire Department. Remember, I said there were two, maybe three, firemen—they were on scene when the thing hit—at one point earlier, before the walking wounded came out the emergency door, I asked, can we put some water on this fire? The fire was pretty small at this point. It surprised me. The firemen said no, this was a jet-fuel fire. Water will just make it spread. We need foam. He said, “Follow me.” There were 10 of us that follow him into the utility shed for the heliport. There are these five-gallon, blue-poly bottles of foam, concentrate, essentially. He says we need to carry these out of the building. We can hook the hose up to these things and we can put the fire out with this. Well, we wasted probably two minutes, a very precious two minutes, humping these maybe 30 or 40 blue-poly bottles out of the shed and onto the grass by this burning fire truck. If you look at a photograph of the site, taken hours later, you'll see those blue-poly bottles, still sitting there. They were never touched.

About five minutes after we got these bottles out of the shed, the first crash truck that could spray foam, arrived. This is the very first fire truck that arrives on scene. This is after the

medivac helicopters had taken off, after the wounded are gone, this is maybe five minutes later. This fire truck doesn't know how to get into the Pentagon, doesn't know how to get into where we are. This fireman yells me, can I go show that fire truck how to get in here? So, here I am, probably the worst-shaped guy on the field, I run across the grass, over to where the Mall Entrance to the Pentagon Parking Lot is, and I kind of point to the fire truck, go this way. Then I have to yell at the idiot DPS guard who won't lower the barriers so the fire truck can get through. So, we get over that little obstacle. Then the fire truck doesn't know that he has to make this sharp right turn into the grassy area where the heliport is so he goes too far. I'm yelling back up, back up. So he has to back up but he can't turn sharp enough and he has to do this pivoting thing back and forth. So he finally gets in there. He has one of these foam sprayers on top of the cab. He starts spraying down the fire.

I think it was hours before another hose was put on this fire. I remember distinctly that the fire had spread into the old section of the Pentagon. I could see it burning through the windows. There are many firemen on station now, from Arlington County, Fairfax County, and Washington, D.C. This is hours later. There's nobody putting water on the fire from outside. Even though windows are broken, the fire is plainly visible through the windows. Nobody's putting water on the fire from outside, just this one truck. Finally, guys on the ground finally start spraying water through windows onto the flames. The fire had spread quite a bit by this point. Suddenly, the assembled crowd breaks into applause! I'm thinking they are clapping because they finally got a second hose on the fire. As it turns out, this is the point in time where this Marine pulled the Marine Corps flag out of one of the broken windows on the first deck. That's what they were clapping about. But I couldn't see that because it was behind the truck.

This is the level of my frustration at the amount of time it has taken to get a second hose on this fire. I don't think that fire would have spread anywhere near as much if they had been quicker to get more water on it. The wedge side, the part that was renovated, had sprinklers. So the fire didn't spread very far at all in there. It was the old wedge side where it burned out of control for over a day. I think if they gotten water on that fire sooner, we would have controlled that. That's a lesson. Of course you would have to put the Fire Department on report, which is not politically doable at this point. It is my further opinion that it was due to conflicts between the various fire departments that caused that to happen.

Jumping back to the point where the doctor asked me if I could be in charge of the expectants, I said yeah. He said he had some morphine, codeine, and that he had sent for body bags. The rest of the day was really shifting missions back and forth. I was the first O6 to show up on the scene, and because I had been there the longest and was familiar with the people and some of the personalities, I was put in charge of probably the half of the military that was there. At one point, it probably as many as 200 military that were there that I was put in charge of. Our mission kept changing from training up litter teams to go into the Pentagon—we're knocking back the flames to go in and look for injured or dead—to no, we're not going to do that, we're writing them off—prepare to receive remains. We want you to establish a makeshift morgue.

Q. Who was coordinating all this?

A. This guy who had the Pentagon Physician vest was calling the shots from that perspective for a long time, for hours. Later, General Van Alstyne, who is a three-star Army general on OSD's staff, showed up. He became the on-scene military commander. From that point on, I

took my direction from him. But really at that point, all hope for survivors had been abandoned. Our mission was just going to be to receive remains.

Q. Was this because of the fire?

A. Yes, because of the fire. They said there is no one left alive in there. Rescue crews did show up—from Arlington County, from Fairfax County—in fact, I didn't even know this, but Military District Washington has a technical rescue crew. They showed up. DC, I think, had a rescue crew show up. These guys were making entries into the building throughout the day. Probably from an hour and a half on. Many of them were just fighting the fire. Some of them were looking for bodies. We got reports that there was a pile of bodies just inside the door. You know, it was clear that they were trying to get out, and they couldn't get the door open and they all died there. We got reports like that from guys coming out of the building. We got a report that in one room there was a guy that was apparently killed by the concussion because he looked perfectly fine. He looked like you could just wake him up. He was just leaning over with his desk head on the desk. There as a little bit of blood coming out of his mouth, but other than that, he looked like he could have gotten up and walked away.

In another room where the plane hit—a peculiar point about the way the plane hit—I learned this later from the FBI, actually, when I was part of the recovery effort, was that the plane impacted the building. The bow of the plane poked a hole in the side of the building, but essentially disintegrated on impact. The bow parts were right near the outside of the Pentagon, but the plane continued going in. So now, the next part of the plane hits a wall, or whatever, and disintegrates there, but the plane is still going in at 400 knots, or whatever it was. So the next part of the plane hits things and disintegrates there. The way that it ended

up, the tail of the plane, where the black boxes were, was all the way inside the Pentagon.

They were last things to hit. The bow of the plane was near the outside of the Pentagon. All the bodies, there really weren't any bodies, they were burnt so bad, but all the seats were all piled up near the tail end. They kind of just accumulated up there in one big pile. Some people were burned so badly they were just bones. Others looked like they could have got up and walked away.

Q. Are you talking about passengers or just everybody?

A. No, all the passengers were burned. I'm talking about other people who died in the building. Some were burned badly; others didn't look injured at all.

I was there until about 8:00 or 9:00 at night. The rest of the day was spent preparing to receive remains that never were brought out. At one point we were told to set up a makeshift morgue where we were on the side of Route 27. We were given 200 body bags. We started laying out the body bags. We distributed toe-tags to certain people. We trained them on how to fill them out. We talked to the FBI about where we should look for personal effects in pockets—this is the level of detail we're going into—or whether we should just leave bodies as is. The FBI said to leave them as is, don't touch anything. If they're brought out, just put them in a body bag. If you know who they are, fine, mark it on a toe-tag, (you actually write in on the outside of the body bag), if you don't, then let the forensics folks do all that.

So, we got the process established and assigned duties. We got it all set up. I can't remember who it was, I think it was Arlington County, said, "What the hell are you guys doing here? We don't want that there." No, no, it was FEMA. FEMA says, "We don't want you to set this up here. There are TV cameras up the hill. They can see this. Move you're

entire project.” We had set up tents and everything. They told us to break it all down and to move it over to near South Parking lot where they have the refrigerator trucks. So FEMA gives an order. We follow the order. We break everything down. Carry it all the way over to South Parking lot and set it all back up again. At that point, Fairfax County came and said, “What the hell are you doing here?” Well, we were told to set up the makeshift morgue. “Bullshit! They are going to carry the bodies out of that door down there. Do you expect us to carry the bodies all the way from that door down at the bottom of the hill all the way up here before you bag them? No, No. No! That needs to be down near the exit.” So we break it down again and move it all the way down by the emergency exit where guys were entering and egressing the building, and set it all back up.

Well, we notice that there was this trailer right next to where we had set up the makeshift morgue. We didn’t know what the trailer was about but we knew that there was a trailer there. This guy comes running down to us, “What the hell are you doing?” We say we’re just setting up the makeshift morgue up here. Now this is Arlington County Fire Department. He says, “Do you know what this is?” No, we don’t. “This is our get well trailer for the firemen who’ve been working inside there. The last thing I want those guys to have to walk passed as they come out of the building to get well is a bunch of dead bodies. I don’t care where you put that thing, but it can’t be here!”

I’m so pissed by now I think I finally had to get General Van Alstyne involved. I get him over there. He’s been standing on the heliport pad most of the day. I get him, I get the Arlington County guy, the Fairfax County guy, I get the FEMA guy, I get the FBI guy, I get everybody who has anything to do with this goddamn thing and say, “Figure out where you want to put this morgue.” We came up with a compromise location. We had to move it one

more time to behind the get-well trailer. We didn't have anything else to do, so I guess the fact that we wasted the time is irrelevant now, looking back.

But at the time, we thought the only thing they're waiting for to bring bodies out is for us to establish this makeshift morgue to receive them. What we didn't know was that they FBI had already decided that the bodies were evidence and would be left in place. Okay? We didn't know that. The FBI didn't tell anybody that but the guy who was coordinating the rescue folks going in and out. He's the only one who knew. So, when each of the rescue teams would check in with this guy, he'd say, you go in and check for survivors. If you come across dead people, leave them there. If you come across survivors, bring them out. Well, we didn't know that. They never bothered to tell us. So, we were standing there for hours waiting for bodies that never showed up.

In fact, the Sergeant Major of the Army, *the* Sergeant Major of the Army, showed up, somewhere in the middle of this. He was getting mighty upset that there were dead soldiers in there who nobody wanted to bring out. In fact, he tried his best to order, when the Military District Washington rescue team showed up, he tried his best to order them to bring these dead people out—don't leave our fallen soldiers in there. We were ready to receive. This, in fact, was when we were still positioned by the door when this all happened. He and I had some good conversations about; I can't believe we're doing this. Just bring these people out. We thought they would burn up and we wouldn't be able to figure out who they were. Which probably happened to some of them. So he [the Sergeant Major of the Army] was a witness to all this too.

Also General Van Alstyne has a female Lt. Colonel, her first name is "Mahi," she's a nurse; she was with me through almost all of this afternoon too. She showed up later when he showed up. She was helping me keep sense of it all, giving me advice and things like that. We ended up moving a bus onto the grass—a regular Metro bus—and having them run their engine and their air conditioners so people could go in and cool off, because it was so hot. Funny story, if there is such a thing on a day like this.

Bless the Salvation Army's heart. They showed up with truckloads of bottled water. Since it was so hot that day, we were pushing water like crazy to keep people from dehydrating. This is another funny story. Unfortunately, when you drink a lot of water, after a while, nature calls. Well, there's no place to go. You can't go into the Pentagon, obviously. Where to you go? Well, there's a tree line across Route 27. At this time, Route 27 is completely shut down at both ends. People could walk across it with no problem. So, this tree line across Route 27, that's where people were going. They were walking across the street, going into the trees and taking a leak. I probably did this three or four times. At one point in the afternoon, I go, and I'm taking a leak. I hear, "Jesus Christ, what the hell you doing?!?" I look down, and five feet from me is this soldier, with a rifle, lying in the tree line. And I look up and down and they have set up a defensive perimeter around Arlington Cemetery, you know, the Old Guard guys. They were brought in to protect the Pentagon, but they have their guns pointed toward us--towards the Pentagon! They're lying in the trees. Here I am urinating five feet from this guy's face, and he wants to know what's going on. I say, "what am I doing, what the heck are *you* doing?" He says their setting up a defensive perimeter. I said, "What are you guarding, the cemetery?" He didn't know what the hell he was doing there. He was doing what he was told to do.

A. At some point in the afternoon, a civilian Priest showed up. He was from an Arlington church. I don't remember which church it was. He had on a long cassock, like you see a lot in Italy, but you don't see a lot these days in the U.S. He was a youngish guy. He actually blessed the building, and things like that. When he wanted to get in, the DPS wouldn't let him into the perimeter, into the area. I was standing by the edge of the road there on Route 27, where we had set up our little makeshift morgue. I heard them say, "No sir, you can't get in here. This is for medical personnel only." I went over to the DPS guy and said—this was about two hours into the event—I said, "I think at this point we have a greater need for Priests than we do for doctors." The DPS guy still wouldn't let him in. So, I asked, "Father, have you ever taken a first aid course?" He said, "Yes." I said, "There. He's medical personnel. Now, let him in." To my surprise, the guard let him in. This Priest stayed with me for a while.

A couple of hours later we're all drinking water, but he's not. I said, "Father, have you been drinking?" He says no. I said you better start. He says he's afraid because he if he starts drinking water, he'll have to go to the bathroom. I said, well, we've been going across the street into those trees. He said, "You can get away with it dressed like that, but I don't think I could get away with it dressed like this." A little while later, he didn't look too good. I finally said, Father before you become a casualty, if you can't drink, you really probably ought to leave. You've done what you can do. He said, you're right. We had plenty of chaplains. We probably had 10 or 11 chaplains at this point.

Q. Military?

A. Right. Military. This guy was a civilian. He did finally leave. One thing I keep thinking about, early in the event, when we had all the injuries, we had almost no medical help, almost no medical resources. And later in the event, we had literally hundreds of doctors and nurses, EMTs, and a little hospital set on the scene, but no injuries. The only people we were left with at that point were dead. The other irony is that, to the extent that anyone was rescued, they were rescued by people who were on the scene when the impact occurred—not by professional rescuers. So, that is one of the issues we need to make sure we fold into lessons learned from this. For instances, when I was looking early on for injured, there was one of the walking wounded. The ceiling had come down on his head, and he had a pretty good scalp laceration. Scalp lacerations bleed a lot. They're really ugly. They're not serious, but they look worse than they are. I remember seeing a first-aid kit in the utility shed. I ran down to the shed and pulled this kit down—it was a big first-aid kit—off the wall. I carried it all the way up the hill to where this guy was. I popped it open and it was empty. There was nothing in it. The ambulance showed up and we were able to take care of him with stuff from the ambulance but its things like that that we need to do a better job.

The other thing I'm thinking of, in the Navy, when we have a shipboard fire, we can't call the fire department. We are the fire department. Every one of us has been through fire fighting school. I'm thinking about all the resources we wasted. Guys were in that building who could have put that fire out early, before it got big and out of control. If only we had hoses, like hotels do. Be we don't have hoses in the Pentagon because they don't trust us with them. So, what we did was let the Pentagon burn down, which was really stupid. Because, as you know, it took them over a day to get the fires under control after it burned for so long.

They eventually set up a real forensic type of morgue at the remote delivery facility, the RDF—which is a package handling facility. They had reefer-trucks and things like that there. When they did that, our little interim makeshift morgue because just the packaging center where we were doing to bag them up and put them on a truck down to the real morgue.

Q. Still not knowing that they were keeping the bodies on scene?

A. Correct. So, we had this dynamic set up too.

Q. Who set that up? Who did the forensics?

A. The FBI. And FEMA had a forensics team come in. In fact, one of the decisions was, we still had these 200 some odd military folks standing around. At the point that we found out that we weren't going to pull bodies out, they were just going to get in the way. We weren't going to send in litter teams any more. I didn't need that many people to man a morgue—they were just going to get in the way. I kept asking General Van Alstyne, let me release them. Let me send them home. Let's get them out of here. They're just in the way. He didn't want to do that—I don't know why—until there was going to be two companies from the Old Guard showing up around 6:00 or 7:00 PM. I think they finally showed up around 7:00 PM. He wanted me to keep my 200 military folks around until the Old Guard showed up. One of the 'small world' events here, is the Colonel who showed up with the Old Guard, his first name was Egan, and I can't remember his last name, but he and I worked together on joint staff issues for the two years previous. He had just transferred to the Old Guard. He comes in and I said, "I stand relieved." This was great. I knew the guy from the Old Guard who was coming to relieve me. So I was able to send all the military home, except for the ones we needed to keep. He said the Old Guard was not going to do the remains stuff. They were just there for security and for carrying litters and things like that.

I was told to stay until the Virginia State Medical Examiner showed up from Richmond, [Virginia]. That was about 8:00, 8:30 at night. I kept waiting and waiting, thinking they're going to tell me when the Virginia State Medical Examiner shows up so I can go. They didn't want me to go until she came. It was a lady doctor. She was supposed to be there around 8:00. Around 8:30, I walked up to the command site. By this time, Major General Jackson, who's Commander, Military District Washington, had already relieved General Van Alstyne as the military commander on scene. I went up to General Jackson and asked, "Do you know if the medical examiner's here?" "I don't know who the heck that is. I don't know why you care." "I'm in charge of the interim makeshift morgue here and I waiting for her to show up so I can leave." So I go to the clinic that had been set up and ask if they know if the medical examiner is here. Well, she wouldn't be here. That's not what we do here. Okay. So I'm going around and finally someone says, "Yeah, she's here. She's down there. She's been here for over an hour." We link up and I say, "You're the medical examiner?" "Yes." "We have our makeshift morgue set up here." "What do we need that for?" "Well, we're just going to bag them and send them down to the RFD." "Well, I wouldn't call that a morgue." I said, "I didn't name it. That's what I was told to call it. Anyway, that's where it is, and I'm leaving." She said okay. And that was it. The problem was, it was four hours before I got a hold of my wife on the cell phone, before the cell phone worked. Trying to call her over and over again on the cell phone killed the battery. When I finally did call her four hours later, the battery's going "beep, beep." You know, the low-battery beep. I said, "Honey, I'm alive. My battery's going to die. I'll call you when I need to be picked up." Remember, I didn't have my car. She said okay, but she kept calling me back. I would say my battery's going to die, don't call me because I need the battery to call you back. Well, because she kept calling me back, the battery died hard. She kept saying, "Why aren't you

coming home? Everybody else is home, why aren't you coming home?" The battery died. When I needed to call her, I couldn't use the cell phone anymore. I borrowed a cell phone from a physician. There was a Virginia State Trooper there. I asked him, my wife needs to pick me up, how close can she get? He says not very, we've got 395 [Interstate 395] completely shut down. I call her and say, Honey, here's the deal. You start driving north on 395. I'm going to start walking south on 395. You go as far as you can go until you see me walking on the side of the road.

Q. She's coming from where?

A. She's coming from Springfield, [Virginia]. Literally that was my instruction. That's all I could do. She couldn't get to the Pentagon. How the heck else was I going to meet up with her? So she starts driving north on 395. I start walking south on the shoulder of the road. Just getting to the shoulder is not a simple task when you're walking. There are all these loop-dee-loops. Which way do I go? If I walk all the way up that ramp and it turns out to be the wrong way I have to turn around and walk all the way back. It was hard. I finally find it and I'm walking down south on 395. There are State Highway Patrolmen everywhere blocking the road. Some guy starts driving down the shoulder of the road behind where I'm walking. I'm thinking that he must want to talk to me. So I walk over to him.

Q. And you're in uniform?

A. Yes, I'm in uniform. I hadn't eaten all day. I hadn't eaten breakfast. Obviously, I didn't eat lunch. I was on adrenaline rush all day and I'm coming down hard off the rush. I'm barely able to walk. I guess he can see this. He says "Were you in there, in the Pentagon?" There's still smoke billowing out and flood lights. I said yes. I think he thought I had just crawled out of the Pentagon and was stumbling down the road, having rescued myself, or something.

I didn't feel like explaining. I just said, yes, I was in there. He asked if I was okay? I said I was fine, that my wife was driving up and that I would meet her on the road. He says get in the car, sit down. I say, sir, if you're arresting me, I'll get in your car, but if I get in your car, my wife will never see me, and I'll never link up with her. See needs to see me because I can't see her with all these headlights. Can I follow you then? Yes, you can follow me. So here I am, walking down the shoulder of 395, with a State Highway Patrolman driving behind me. All of a sudden, I see a car screech to a halt.

Q. There's nobody else on the road?

A. There's almost nobody else on the road. Nobody's driving. They knew that 395 have been shut down and to avoid the area. So, there are almost no cars and most of those were police cars. I see a car zip by and stop real fast. I turn around and it's her. So I say, it's her. Can I get in the car? Yeah, you can get in the car.

Q. Describe that moment.

A. It was like—the kids are in the car because they came with her.

Q. How old are they?

A. 16 and 13. The girl is 16 and boy is 13. My mother and my sister had driven up from Roanoke when they hear that the Pentagon was attacked. They didn't know if I was dead or alive, but they were coming up anyway. They were already at my house when I was finally able to call home and say I was alive. So they heard me. So they were in the car. Actually, it was my sister driving her van. It wasn't my wife driving our one car that wasn't in the shop. My wife is in the right front helping to navigate because my sister doesn't know the roads. They open the back door of the van and I just kind of fall in. I'm exhausted at this

point. I could barely walk. My feet are killing me. I'd been standing all day. I'm covered with soot from going into the building. It was really brutal. I basically get in and they want to hear everything. I don't want to say anything because I'm not ready to talk yet. I said, "We saved somebody, her name was Antoinette." That's really all I said.

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That's

the story.

Q. What are your kids saying to you?

A. They're hugging me. They're gabbing and hugging me. My daughter tells me at this point that her teacher had told them that the Pentagon had blown up. So, she's happy that I'm alive. She's hugging me from behind, because the kids are in the back of the van and I'm in the middle of the van. That's what it was like. We had a hard time getting turned around on 395 south since it was blocked. We basically had to cross one of those breaks in the barrier that you're not supposed to cross. But since there was no one coming the other way, it was not a big deal. The Highway Patrol just waved and didn't have any problem with it. I think that's it.

Q. Tell me about your children, and the questions that they have had, some of the discussions you've had with them.

A. Why would anyone want to attack the Pentagon? Why do people hate Americans? Aren't we good people? Those are the standard questions that you would expect them to ask. Are you going to war? Are you going to die? These are the kinds of questions they have now. Even the 16-year old, who you think would be a little more savvy, a little more sophisticated, really isn't. To her, war is war is war. You go to war and you die. It means that you're on

the ground shooting a gun. I've been up front with them about my desire to go to the FIFTHFLT staff and help plan the strikes. They think I'm going to be on the ground shooting a gun. They don't understand that it's in Bahrain and you're actually in a pretty nice office building. Certainly, who would have thought I would have been at more risk in the Pentagon than I would have been in FIFTHFLT Headquarters. But I think you probably are more at risk in the Pentagon, right now, than in FIFTHFLT Headquarters. Who would have thought that after all those tours in submarines, the most dangerous thing I'd be doing was going to work in the Pentagon?!? After almost being washed overboard on a submarine, almost being killed in the Pentagon is just amazing.

Q. Tell me a little about your roll in the Navy recovery effort, being tasked with that.

A. I'm in charge of identifying what office space we could recover and how to get the operational staff, the war planning staff, back up and operating, because the Command Center was wiped out. So, identifying temporary spaces, trying to configure equipment and get equipment here that we can use in the Command Center communications, that kind of thing. The CNO lost his communications capability. All that stuffs gone. We've really been pretty much borrowing Marine Corps equipment. It's here in the Annex. I've been working with Pentagon renovators. What spaces can we recover immediately? What spaces can they renovate to get us back quickly, like in the April timeframe? Who are we going to move? What priority are we going to bring offices back into the Pentagon? The Navy was reduced to 11% of its footprint on the day of the attack. So if you say 100% was the amount of floor space we had on the day of the attack, we were reduced to 11%. We took by far the biggest hit of any Service or agency. Army lost more total square footage, but they had significantly more to begin with, so in percentage, they took much less of a hit. Also, their spaces are in the area that can be recovered quickly. As opposed to ours, which is completely destroyed.

Much of ours is completely destroyed, or the foundation under it is destroyed so we can't reoccupy it. We lost less total area, but we had significantly less to begin with. The stuff we lost is hard down, as opposed to being able to be brought back up quickly.

Q. And you are coordinating that whole effort?

A. Right.

Q. And you are obviously in the throws of that right now. What we might like to do in a couple of months from now, once you are able to come up for air, is do a lessons learned from that.

A. I have a bunch of those right now. A frustrating thing right now is working with the Secretary of the Navy's staff, which is not operational. They are supposed to be the service provider for things like phones, utilities, computers, things like that. They think it is business as usual. They've got three phone guys. I need phones for 200 people and it has taken me 3 weeks to get phones for just 50. They are using the same three phone guys they would use for normal operations. They don't see this as a crisis. We have met the enemy, and it is us. It is the Secretary of the Navy's staff that we've been fighting with the most, frankly. I think at some point, I'm going to write about that, but not right now. We have to stop the construct where the service provider thinks he's our boss—who has this attitude that you'll get what you get when we give it to you and you'll be happy with it. This is nonsense. We've got to fix that. That has been the biggest impediment to our recovery so far.

Pentagon renovation has been wonderful. Way willing to go the extra mile. The contractors have been wonderful. Working 7-day weeks, 16-15 hour days. This is how they're fighting their war. The only people who don't have that attitude is the Secretary of the Navy's staff who's supposed to provide us utilities. That's been the long-pole-in-the-tent on every turn.

Q. Let's spend some more time on that when you come back after you come up for air. That will be a fascinating part of the story. Any other kind of broad-brush lessons learned?

You're EMT training obviously came in handy. What led you to do that 10 years ago?

A. I was XO on a Trident submarine. We had this new policy go into place. Someone said, you only have one corpsman on a submarine. What if he gets hurt, or what if you have mass casualties? You don't want to send your corpsman in where the mass casualties are so you need other people who are trained. Just basic first-aid training is not enough. We started on off-crew putting people through EMT school at Bremerton Naval Hospital. We were never licensed. You get a little bit of clinical work, but not a lot of serious injuries come into Bremerton Naval Hospital. So we didn't really get the kind of treatment you would get if you took the EMT course at a DC General, where you'd see gun shots, and things like that. It was kind of limp wristed, but it was a good course.

Q. Is that something you did as part of the Submarine force or in your capacity as XO?

A. I did it in my capacity as XO initially, but the policy was in fact expanded to the entire Trident community where it was easy to implement because you have this off-crew cycle where you are not on the boat. In the fast-attack community, it's harder to implement it, but the opportunity is still provided to fast-attacks to do that. I went through as XO because I wanted to see if the training was valuable. I figured that best way to do that was to go through it myself.

Q. Did you think it was valuable afterwards?

A. Oh, absolutely! I've used it in a couple of car wrecks, and things like that. My skills are stale, but for major injuries and major traumas, it is still helpful to be able to tell what's really

serious as opposed to—say scalp lacerations which look serious, but which aren't. The training was useful. I'd recommend that anybody go through it. Now, this is basic EMT training, not paramedic training, obviously.

Q. Would that be adequate?

A. Yeah, I think so.

Q. When we did the USS COLE, the Command Master Chief, was an independent duty Corpsman. He's only one of three in the whole Navy. It was essential. They were on scene doing it themselves. They didn't have anyone come in and help.

A. I don't know how many EMTs they had on board, but they probably only had two or three Corpsman.

Q. They had two independent duty Corpsman, and the Chief, Chief Moser, he had a baby doc. They had the Command Master Chief, who was an independent duty Corpsman.

A. I put five Sailors through EMT training, and that included me. On my Trident we had more EMTs than the COLE did with a much bigger crew. I think that's really critical that ships do that, and it really helped here. Like I say, first-aid equipment, and other things, like automatic electronic defibrillators (AED) that are brainless now-a-days. There should be several AEDs in the Pentagon just about. Anybody who's EMT basic trained that has been checked out on an AED can use it. If you don't get the right kind of care to someone who is injured within the first 5 minutes, they're doing to die. Those kinds of issues are critical. We can't just say, "well, you've got a clinic in the Pentagon, you wait for them to respond." It's not good enough.

For instance, of all those clinic people in the Pentagon, I think most of them ended up either by the POAC, where they were absolutely useless, or by the center courtyard, where they were not completely useless because there were a lot of injured who got there. I think they had 30 injured get evacuated to the center courtyard. We had 3 criticals, and 15 walking wounded outside the building, and to my knowledge, we had 2-3 real doctors and the EMTs from the ambulance, and that was it. I think it was coincidence that those 2 or 3 doctors showed, except for the one Pentagon Physician. I think he might have been a dentist. I think I heard him say at one point that he wears that vest for triage situations, but he's really a dentist. There was another Army gray-haired colonel doctor—I think he was a doctor—and there was an Air Force doc who showed later. I think she showed up after the criticals were gone. And that was it. It wasn't some plan that brought the medical community out there. They just ended up there.

Q. Lessons learned, and we've mentioned several during the course of the interview, when we do get back together, and I definitely do want to do that a couple of months from now, be thinking of other lessons learned.

A. We need a better way to evacuate the building that evacuates the entire building on very short notice. So, when you get this kind of word from the FAA that a plane is coming in, you can get the word out immediately so that everyone knows. No shit, you have to get out of the building, and where to go. Muster lists. We already fixed this on OPNAV staff. When we finally got everyone outside, nobody had muster sheets. We did not know who was missing, who was there. We had no clue who was killed--who was left in the building--because we didn't have the muster sheets. We've fixed that on Navy staff already. Guys carry them around with them now. We'll see how long that lasts. There are other things like that. Where do you go? How do you get out of the building? Where are the assemble points. None of that had been worked out. We never

had a drill in the Pentagon, to my knowledge. I've done three tours totally over nine years. In fact, the fire alarms go off so often in the Pentagon that people basically ignore them because the go off in error so often. Even if they had gone off, probably no one would have done anything.

Q. What about OBAs or other emergency breathing apparatuses?

A. The one argument against putting fire hoses in the building is that people are going to say, it will cause people to stay in longer than they otherwise should and they'll die from asphyxiation. If we had OBAs, or Scott Air Packs, and you're checked out on them, it gives you a better opportunity to fight the fire. OBAs are obviously brainless for Navy people, but the county, who is responsible for fighting these fires, would say, "We don't do OBAs. We won't take any responsibility for that." Maybe we need some division of duties where the Navy provides our own OBAs, by god, and we're going to fight fire just as if we are on ship. Screw the county. It's not their lives who are going to be lost if they don't respond quickly enough. In fact, I'm proposing that through separate channels. Those kind of things we need to take better action.

Q. Who else do we need to talk with?

A. The largest issue I learned from this is that emergency response is a local responsibility. In our case, for instance, FEMA showed up, but FEMA has no authority other than to advise. All the authority lies with the local community. Not even the state has authority in these areas. When you have this thing that crosses a whole bunch of lines--you've got federal authority and county authority--we have a memorandum of agreement where we hand over everything to the county, even though this is federal property. We had a situation where we had a bunch of DC firemen on scene with no equipment. An Arlington County equipment truck pulls up with very few Arlington County firefighters on the scene. So the DC firemen grab Arlington County equipment and used it to go into the building. Now, it turns out that they kept it. This has

become a big political issue. There's got to be a better way. There has to be better alignment between the local--either reduce the lines of authority and make some central authority in charge, or, work these issues out before hand, because this became real stupid later.

Q. Who are some others that we should interview?

A. I would ask CAPT Kenneth Sapp. He's a Medical Service Corps officer, who I think works in the Annex. Get his perspective. Chaplain Poole, if you can find him. I think he's transferring soon, but he works out of the Chaplain's office in the Annex. Those are the names that come to mind. If you want to talk to the Army, I don't know her last name, but Lt. Colonel nurse, first name "Mahi." Admiral Tracey, who is Director of Navy Staff, who works up stairs, she knows Mahi because she used to work for her. You could get her last name from her and figure out how to contact her. I could figure out who this Pentagon Physician was, the blue-vest guy, if you want to talk to him.

Q. That would be great. And anybody, just in the coming days, you think this would be a good part of the story as well.

A. I would talk to General Van Alstyne, certainly.

Q. I think the Army's going to do that.

A. That's pretty much it. That's all I can think of.

Q. Have you thought about talking to Antoinette's family?

A. Yeah. I just don't know what to say. I wrote an article that you saw. It might be published Sunday in the Washington Times. I'll let the article get out there and see if they want to talk.

She wasn't married, but she had a son. She had two dogs, I read in the obituary. She had family.

I don't know what to tell them. I was there. She didn't seem to be in pain. They saw her in the hospital before she died. I don't know. I'll have to think about it.

Q. It would be hard to know what to say, but I know they would so appreciate your whole heart in this situation.

A. Right.

Q. Again I do want to talk more later, but there's one more question I want to ask. The SPRINT Team. Being senior leadership, what's your perception of their role?

A. I heard they did a superb job, a really exceptional job. I did refer a whole bunch of people to them and I know a bunch of people went to them who didn't think they needed to, but were glad they did.

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In fact, we referred people from PENREN, the contractors, to them. They were a major part of the recovery from this thing.

Q. Did you have an awareness of them before?

A. No. I didn't know who or what they were. I haven't to see them myself, but I didn't know they existed. Everything I've heard has been superb. I know three-stars that have gone to see them and they are glad they did.

Q. When we talked to COLE Sailors, and senior leadership on the COLE, we asked them who were the ones that really stood out, who were the ones that really made a big difference in this up and down the chain of command? We were not thinking SPRINT, but that's one of the things they really mentioned.

A. The Army has something like it, but not as good. The Air Force has also, but they haven't brought them in. SPRINT has been fantastic. Really instrumental. A great thing.

Q. Last question. Is there anything else that you would like to add for the historical record?

A. No. I've already said too much.

Q. No. I think it's been wonderful. A key part of the story. Very insightful and very helpful.

A. Again, it's just one man's view. And it's only a view of what happened on the outside. I know the inner courtyard probably has a bunch of stories too. Mine is not, by any definition, the definitive view. I'm not guaranteeing that I'm remembering everything in the right sequence. What I have, however, I'm certain. It's still fresh in my mind. These things happened. I might have gotten the sequence a little wrong, but that's pretty much the way it happened. I've relived it so many times since then. I know I'll start forgetting things eventually, but I sure haven't yet.

Q. Have you put some more things in writing? For the record, I note your "Seven Thousand Antoinettes".

A. Actually, I changed it to 6000 after the newest numbers came out from New York. I'll send you the updated version. I'm probably going to end up writing some lessons learned for Proceedings. I've written a lot for them. I have a rough outline of what I want to say, but I haven't written it yet. I know I need to get on the stick and get that done. Time's a-waste'n.

Q. Obviously, we'd like to get a copy of that, if you could remember to send it. Final question. What have you learned about yourself? What would you say is the biggest thing that sticks out?

A. I always wondered how I would respond to something like this. Whether fear would be a factor. I remember being surprised by the fact that I wasn't afraid, if that sounds strange. It

sounds strange to me. I remember thinking I should be afraid. It was just about being afraid, it was the whole event. It seemed like I was on the outside watching it happen. From the moment when I knew we were going to get attacked (before we were attacked), all the way through, it was like I was watching a movie. I started by saying it was like "Saving Private Ryan." I don't know if it's because I saw Private Ryan so I try to fit this into that mold, or because it's really that way. Other people related that to [Steven] Spielberg and that's why he made the movie that way. But was like "Saving Private Ryan." The part about I can't hear any sound, I can just see images. I hear my heart beating, I hear my breathing. Then suddenly, the sound starts the moment I see the first burned guy on the ground. I guess I learned that I can perform under conditions that I always wondered about. You hope you can do that, but you never really know. It wasn't that I had to talk myself into doing those things. I did them without thinking about it.

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So I did learn things about

myself. I'm not the same, I'll tell you that. Maybe I'll become the same, but I was a lot funnier before. I took things too lightly. I joked about things that I probably shouldn't have. I pissed people off. I don't do that as much any more. I'm not as funny as I used to be.

Q. Have you had down time, yet.

A. Yeah. I took the last week and the three-day weekend off. I've been sick too. I've been coughing ever since this event. They said it's the insult from either the asbestos or the smoke. I'm taking drugs to make me cough to try and bring this stuff up more.

Q. Thanks for much for your time. We really appreciate you coming in.

A. No problem. All right.

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